UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Crisis In Liberia

By FREDERICK STARR

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

An American Greeting to the Brussels Peace Congress

BY EDWIN D. MEAD

The annnal International Peace Congress met this year at Brussels, opening July 5 and continuing through the week. The present economic situation and the approaching Disarmament Conference were the two commanding subjects which engaged the attention of the session. The Congress was well attended, every European country being well represented. There were twenty delegates from England. The United States was meagerly represented; but Edwin D. Mead of Boston sent from London the following letter, addressed to the President of the Conference, Senator Henri Lafontaine.

"It is significant for us that the Brussels Peace Congress holds its session during the week immediately following the anniversary of the Declaration of our American Independence. The significant and sacred commemorations of the struggles for freedom are likewise, commemorations of the struggle for peace. Immanuel Kant, greatest of peace philosophers, with true insight identified the fortunes of peace and freedom. He saw clearly that world peace could come only after republics, self-governing nations, became predominant in the world and the power of privilege and class was subordinated. He hailed the American Revolution and our new American Republic as a promising and potent step to this great end. It was an impressive fulfilment of his prophecy and principle, and is a source of perennial pride to our American peace party, that the great founders of our Republic, Washington and Franklin and Jefferson, were the pre-eminent Peace statesman of their age. 'My first wish,' said Washington, 'is to see war, the plague of mankind, banished from the earth.' Franklin repeatedly declared that 'There never was a good war nor a bad peace.' Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, with its memorable assertion that liberty is the inalienable right of all men and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, was perhaps the greatest internationalist of his time; and Franklin and Jefferson united in 1785 in framing the treaty with Prussia which for the first time provided for the immunity of private property at sea in case of war between the parties to that treaty. Could this provision have been made universal, it would forever have settled the question of the freedom of the seas and saved the world a century and a half of struggle and confusion.

"We rejoice that at this time the President of the United States has, in his recent address to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at Washington, proclaimed so emphatically the imperative necessity of the drastic reduction of armaments by the nations if they hope to arrest the menace

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UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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MARK TWAIN'S POSITION

They said [to Mr. Clemens] "Suppose the country is entering upon a war—where do you stand then? Do you arrogate to yourself the privilege of going your own way in the matter, in the face of the nation?"

"Yes," I said, "that is my position. If I thought it an unrighteous war I would say so. If I were invited to shoulder a musket in that cause and march under that flag, I should decline. I would not voluntarily march under this country's flag, or any other, when it was my private judgment that the country was in the wrong. . . ."—*From Mark Twain's Autobiography, Vol. II, 1924 edition, p 17.*

We are all shocked beyond expression at the cruelty of the New York gangsters who fired their slugs into a crowd of little children, in an attempt to kill an enemy. Of course they had no desire to injure the children; but if children are in the way let them take the consequences! It is revolting indeed! But wait a minute! Is it so different from the industrial conflict and the international conflict? If children are in the way of our profits, do we have any mercy? If victory in war lies over their bleeding bodies or by way of their starvation do we hesitate? The general trend of warfare is by way of attack on helpless non-combatants, the ancient chivalry of combat wholly lost in greed of acquisition. The victory over strikers in industry nowadays turns largely on the ability of the employers to starve out the women and children. They are thrown out of their homes into the streets or roads and the charter of the Red Cross forbids it to feed them. They may help sufferers from acts of God, but not those in misery from acts of men. Misery for the helpless is an accepted weapon in the industrial conflict, and shall we take sides? And women and children are the front line of attack in the next war, which we have covenanted never to take part in and are actively preparing for. A recent address by a commanding officer of the United States Army says in effect, "In the next war it will be impossible to delay until armies meet. We must attack centers of population from the air." Of course our gallant airmen do not want to kill babies; but if the babies are in the way they must take the consequences. And that is just the attitude of the New York gangsters—is it not? There was a thrill in war in the days when the man-at-arms stood foot to foot and eye to eye with his foeman, and fought him to the death. It called for manhood, for courage. But today with drafted armies, with killing machines, with wholesale slaughter and destruction it is a cowardly, disgusting office—unworthy of any man who aspires to life above mere beastliness.

Why are those who are so outraged by Prohibition as limiting democratic "freedom" so indifferent to other and more serious limitations of freedom? Surely it cannot be that their demand is merely for their drinks, and not for the good principle of human liberty; yet one does not note their names in the meager support of the Civil Liberties Union, nor among those prominent in upholding free speech, free assembly and free opinion generally. Apparently "freedom" means to most of them merely freedom to drink alcohol beyond ½ of 1 per cent. It may as well be admitted by all who believe in democratic government that the individual has *no* rights which society must respect. Of course each of us would be able to make a list of activities which should be left free; but we would not agree,—and the only possible source of authority in the matter is the majority. It has the "right" to do as it thinks best, even to the alienating from any one of us the "unalienable rights" of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Democracy assumes that the judgment of the majority in all things is better than that of any accidental minority—the only alternative. And decent citizens accept this situation and obey the majority even if they think it wrong,—unless indeed they feel it to be so very wrong that they are willing to sacrifice themselves as a protest. This is an ultimate right of every man under every circumstance, and without it he falls from the ranks of free men and becomes a slave. If any one chooses to violate the prohibtion law as a protest, he will do it publicly and under conditions which will challenge the authorities to enforce the penalty; he will force the issue and take the consequences. But if he does it secretly in conspiracy with professional bootleggers merely to gratify his appetite he is a sneak and a traitor.

Our "rights" must be more and more curtailed as we live closer and closer together. If we are miles apart we can make all the noise we like; but when four walls, a floor and a ceiling separate us from six other families our "rights" in the way of noise are very dif-

ferent. Society, organized as government, must limit "freedom" in the interests of the greatest average freedom; and there is no limit save "the common-sense of most" to its right of limitation. We are not allowed to be different from other people to any considerable extent: a little difference is interesting, a little more is eccentricity and a little more is insanity. The "right" to stimulate or otherwise drug ourselves is strictly conditioned on our social contacts under stimulation or as otherwise drugged. It would be easy to make a list of more or less agreeable drugs in order of their power. It would extend from heroin and cocain through the opiates, alcohol, tobacco, to tea and coffee. Probably no one questions the disastrous social effects of the first, and very few consider the last as socially dangerous however much they may disapprove of their use. Naturally there is difference of opinion about the medium cases and who shall decide? The majority of course, acting in its own supposed interest. It has decided against opiates and alcohol and for tobacco, tea and coffee. It has not decided that those forbidden are bad for health or abstract morals, nor that those allowed are good. Our majority has decided that opiates and alcohol are too troublesome and expensive to society to be allowed while tobacco, tea and coffee are not. The majority has a right to decide and good citizens will obey its decision, endeavoring if they so choose to change the opinion of the majority.

The Prohibition question is not really a national issue at all at present and should not be considered in the coming election. Neither party will have any clear-cut position; both will have divided leadership in various parts of the country. Moreover we are not ripe for change. It should be talked about and the problem clarified, the various anti-propositions should be considered on their merits, the experience of Canada, Sweden, Finland and other nations studied. It should be an element in the election of congressmen, and should be frequently discussed in Congress, as it has been for the last ten years. But it has no such place in the popular mind as one would infer from the newspaper and magazine advertising of it. The statement so often made, that there is a general demand for repeal of the 18th amendment may well be challenged, until the "Wets" can show something approaching a majority in Congress. There is real danger that the really vital issue of our country and of the world will be side-tracked in the minds of millions of our best citizens by the noisy wet propaganda. Indeed it is quite possible that this is the actual aim of much of it. It is to be observed that most of the noise comes from the wealthy and powerful, though some labor organizations have been induced to add their influence. It is plain that a return of the licensed liquor traffic would transfer tens of millions of taxation from the incomes of the rich to those of the poor. One of the arguments for the traffic is that it would supply perhaps a billion in taxes and licenses. But who would pay the billion? There is growing recognition of the fact of unjust and unsupportable distribution of the enormous wealth of our country, and of the industrial countries generally. The miseries of concentrated wealth and widespread poverty are evident as never before and call aloud for fundamental change in our whole industrial system. It is greatly in the interest of the beneficiaries of the system to draw a red-herring across the trail of their monopolies and privileges; and what so available as Prohibition so recently won, and menaced by such formidable criminal racketeers in association with thousands of would-be drinkers?

Probably Democracy is impossible without a population containing a considerable proportion of idealists:—meaning thereby people who are moved by the thought of the general good, even as against their own immediate interests. The original settlers of America included a large element of those who sought freedom from religious or political persecution, as well as many energetic and adventurous spirits in search for more abundant life and interest. Immigration has brought constant accessories to both classes. But the conditions here have tended to the spirit of acquisition and ownership, held back a bit by the generous struggles for abolition of slavery and for the emancipation of women. The few millions on the eastern border in colonial days, had spread out before them seemingly unlimited stored wealth which belonged to no one. The invitation for each to help himself to anything he wanted was broadcasted the world over. Here are mines, forests, unlimited fertility: take what you want, and there's plenty left for others. And how they came! In a century and a half they had flowed over the whole of the country, and taken possession of every available store of wealth and every opportunity for the creation of more wealth. Everyone had learned to own—to possess: it was—and is—the mark of success, of power. But today it can only be had by crowding out someone else; the struggle against nature has turned to a struggle of class against class, man against man. Such a struggle means anarchy and chaos. If democracy is to be maintained we must revive the old demand for a nation where all are recognized as "equal" and having the rights of life, liberty and a free opportunity to seek happiness. Our acquisitive society must be born again or is inevitably headed for conflict, followed by some despotism of oligarchy or dictator.

A strange and unprecedented situation has developed, and has shown us how essentially stupid we are. Our power of producing has caught up with our essential wants! and we are helpless! Always before now, more labor supplied more needs, and constant di-

vision of labor making for increased efficiency, accustomed individuals to do only one or a few things. Ever more and more wheat, textiles, coal, shoes, cotton, corn, meat! And our civilization which drove us harder and harder to meet our needs, cannot deal with a condition in which our major needs are supplied. It says to the farmer, "We have enough wheat and we do not need you," and so also to the miner, the shoemaker, and to the workmen generally. And when the rejected want food, clothing and warmth, it says, "We are sorry for you but we have no need for your work —so you may starve, freeze and die. We cannot feed, clothe, warm you lest we pauperize you. We wish to maintain your rugged individualism so we will neither let you work for yourself, nor for us, nor will we maintain you in idleness." And when men grow desperate at the sight of the misery of their children, we warn them to keep order and to be patient; if they grow violent we beat them and shoot them. Meanwhile we own millions of bushels of wheat which we don't know what to do with, and millions of bales of cotton which we cannot use. The farmer wants shoes and coal, and the shoemaker wants coal and bread, and the miner wants shoes and bread—and society is threatened with collapse because there is no work for farmer, miner and shoemaker. There was once an Irishman who said" if a rope is too short you can splice it, but if it is too long there doesn't seem to be anything to do with it."

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Mid-Summer Dreams

We, having crossed the continent from New York to Seattle, now sit on the Pacific edge of America. Oberlin College, alma mater, has been visited on the way—birthplace of great movements; coeducation, higher education for women, admission of colored folk on equality—anti-saloon league—place where dreams come true—and we are enjoying some mid-summer dreams, incited by an "Oberlin-faith," which also haply may come true.

1. *Cancellation of Debts.* We look eastward across the Atlantic and think of the cancellation of debts among the nations of Europe. We see a vision of the nations—a solemn communion—gathered before the judgment-seat of the universe. Justice holds the balance. Justice demands *forgiveness, cancellation.*

Over ten years ago we declared—it required only the mind of a child to discern it—that the only way out was by the road of forgiveness. The wounds of war could not be healed in any other way. Forgiveness means wiping the slate clean. This involves cancellation of debts by America. It means restoring to Germany the colonies, once hers, now masquerading under the name of "mandates" which England and France apparently mean to hold as their own, if the status quo can be maintained long enough to make the titles unassailable. The three arch-appropriators—America, Britain and France—should restore the "goods" that were secured during the excitement of the fire and earthquake of 1914-18.

The world problem is chiefly one of *human relations.* The remedy—in fact the only remedy—is forgiveness, that is, cancellation. The sincere way of expressing this remedy is by restoring land and cancelling debts. Not in one day, but by a comparatively swift and gradual process. The cure will best come as with the cure of a drunkard—not by a long tapering-off process, for by this method a drunkard is liable to die before he is cured.

Those who claim to respect Christian ethics will do well to examine their code. The word "forgiveness" is a cardinal word in bringing about right human relations. Nothing is found more frequently on the lips of Christians, than "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." And, the solemn injunction, "If ye forgive not men their debts, neither will God forgive yours." "When ye stand praying—*forgive.*" It is *forgiveness,* not standing, that is essential to right human relations. In a striking incident about a king and 10,000 talents—involving a debt—the hearers were enjoined to forgive "70 times 7." The Christian has accepted the old Hebrew ethic that "every seven years" there should be a release of bonded men, for "thou wert a bondman."

2. *Loving Japan as a Neighbor.* We next look westward across the Pacific and think of the straits our nearest neighbor, Japan, is in. In a recent Theological Conference, in Seattle, in which men from Canada and the U. S. A. participated, the discussion now and then turned upon the application of Christian teaching to the solution of social and international problems. The relation of America to Japan came up. Seattle is the home of 20,000 Japanese. The Japanese Congregationalists of Seattle will soon dedicate a $40,000 church, intimating that this colony is a self-respecting, upstanding group of citizens. It is from Seattle that aviators plan to fly to Tokyo. But, the State of Washington is the home of Mr. Johnson, chairman of the Congressional committee on immigration, who has stood so firmly for restriction of migration from the Orient! We recall that the princely gentleman, Dr. Nitobe, refuses to put foot on American soil, because his countrymen are excluded. So, there they are—Canada, the U. S. A. and Japan—close neighbors, *neighbors*—and

the peace of the Pacific is in jeopardy, if these three nations are not friendly!

One little "gesture" would accomplish it, namely, the admission of Japanese on the quota basis—along with other nations—which would mean the coming of only 200 or 300 annually—surely not a flood! This would mean however the abolition of *exclusion,* to which the Japanese, and rightly, object. It would spell, *no discrimination.* This is the *least* that should be done.

Here is the dream, which must come true if we are to be real neighbors. Japan must have access to more land. The natural nations to give her access to adequate land are Canada, U. S. A. and Australasia. At present the only friendly nation is Brazil (consider the distance) and there 20,000 Japanese may migrate annually! But Japan has about 80 millions of people, increasing at the rate of 800,000 a year, on pitifully small islands! Some have suggested birth control—an insulting suggestion to make to other people, to keep their population down. Any people—Australians, Canadians, Americans or what not—cooped up in the close quarters confining the Japanese would by force of circumstance be sure to become a menace to the peace of the world. Landless Japan is the great peace problem of the Pacific. We would better face it first, than last.

Japan's three neighbors mentioned have more land than they know what to do with. We have just crossed the American continent. Tens of thousands of tenantless acres. Canada, even more bursting with land, *land.* And, Australia—six million of population on territory greater than that of the United States! Some of these tenantless acres should be at once open to Japan—to China—to India. Have we forgotten that the "earth is the Lord's."

Here is our dream. We must not wait on economic compulsion! Let the three neighbors—Canada, U. S. A. and Australasia, who talk so much about peace—take the initiative and call a conference for the more equitable distribution of land. Opening "flood gates" is not suggested, but a decent respect for the needs of neighbors and for the welfare of all concerned is imperative! The white man will begin at once to mention dangers. There are some dangers and difficulties—but let the white man be frankly told that there are many greater dangers if something neighborly and just is not done. A conference should be called by Ottawa, Washington, Wellington, Canberra, to consider a wiser distribution of land to the crowded peoples of Asia. The *initiative* should be taken by these capitals. A dozen practical plans suggest themselves to our non-expert mind. Tens of thousands of Japanese could establish happy homes along the coast of Alaska. And, Canada—practically empty. What a happy variety, to throw some brown in the landscape. And America—25,000,000 Japanese peacefully admitted during the next fifty years would give strength to the nation. Since when was it that the "three men of the Orient" have failed to bring "rich gifts to the West." As these words are being read Kagawa of Japan will be in the U. S. A. and at his feet tens of thousands will be learning. The policy of exclusion makes the white man lose much, and, if continued, will end in his decay. And, Australasia—what a glorified Switzerland there would be in the South Pacific, if four peoples—white, brown, yellow, red—should occupy the four quarters of Australia—the integrity of the island-continent being guaranteed by a solemn covenant, made, perhaps, in Honolulu, or before the League of Nations.

3. *Signs of Promise.* We now look—not across the Atlantic and Pacific, but at the United States; in other words, ourselves. This is a good time to "count your mercies." Is there not sufficient ground for dreaming of "good times"? For shaking ourselves from the grip of Old Man Gloom? To sing, "There's a good time coming"? As at this mid-summer time we stroll along the country roads or sit down by the river-bank, there are many things to see to give cheer. God is not dead! Who said, "this is a bad year"? Is it not truer to say with Maeterlinck, "the past is a masterpiece"?

Yet, there is a good time here and coming. What we saw at Oberlin—having in mind the origin, the sacrifices endured, the storms that burst upon the little college enterprise—proves that righteousness is the root of well-being and success. Unemployment has its silver lining. Because of it and its attendant sufferings men are being compelled to improve their methods of distribution—to examine themselves as well as their machinery governing human relations. War is the next major evil to tackle and destroy. No one can doubt the ultimate victory. The air is full of hopeful signs. Multitudes are saying, *War must not be!* Two score nations have pledged themselves never to resort to war to settle strife. World courts and congresses are springing up for preventing and settling strife. Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of most high-minded citizens, in every land, are rising up and frankly declaring in the face of their governments that they will refuse to respond to any call to war. They will go to jail, first. They speak of it as the highest patriotism. Men like Einstein are advising citizens of all nations to declare their solemn intention to have no part in war. Multitudes are asking that the navies of their own land be destroyed—whatever other nations may do.

Kings are toppling from their thrones. The day of the people is dawning. The workers are demanding and gaining their share in the production and distribution of material goods. They are advancing toward complete social control. Young people by the

tens of thousands are remarking that the life of a soldier is not one of glory, but one of stupidity, emptiness. The whole business is silly, besides being brutal and destructive. The name "Peace Patriot" is coming into being. The day is not far away when citizenship will be refused to those who are ready to "tote a gun," on the ground that such will be dangerous to peace and prosperity. There is stealing into the minds of men—slowly perhaps, but quite perceptibly—the controlling spirit of men like Tagore, Gandhi, Kagawa, Sherwood Eddy, John Haynes Holmes, Mordecai Johnson, Harry Emerson Fosdick—driving out the spirit of Napoleon. The Day is here and on the way! A dream? Yes, but it requires little prophetic vision to know that it is surely coming to pass—and not far distant!

Signs of Promise—everywhere! Enough to warrant lifting up the voice and shouting! Depression? Little ground for it in our fair land, and our marvellous cities. Mid-summer dreams, come true!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

III—England and India

I

It was delightful to be in England again, with men to see and places to visit, but I had no sooner arrived than a fever possessed me to get on to the continent, especially to Germany. For on the very day I landed President Hoover announced his conditional remission of war debts for a year, and England was seething with excitement. How was this excitement manifest? First of all in streaming headlines in the English press—the largest I have ever seen. Secondly, in inquiries addressed to me by all whom I met. Were the American people behind Mr. Hoover? Would Congress endorse and approve his action? What could I say in answer to such questions? Only that the American people had been utterly opposed to any tampering with the debt question, that in making this sudden gesture the president had taken his political life in his hands, and that conditions in Europe, especially in Germany, must be pretty bad to force such desperate action in Washington. Which last remark was invariably greeted by a queer smile, or by a lifting of the eye-brows, as though to say, "I wonder if you have any idea how bad they really are!"

Of these things, of course, I know little. All I can seem to make out is that all the nations of Europe, without exception, are bankrupt. They do not confess to bankruptcy, nor is this bankruptcy manifest, since where all are bankrupt, none is bankrupt. Only Germany is in immediate peril of collapse, since Germany is the only one of these nations which has to pay cash on credit accounts. But of course if Germany can't raise that cash and pay on those accounts, she must go into a receiver's hands, which may be either Communism or Hitlerism, then the jig will be up, and collapse will be universal. How near the crisis came a fortnight ago, perhaps, we may never know. The one report rife in England was that everybody in Germany, including great business concerns, suddenly began withdrawing their bank balances and selling their property-holdings, and *converting the money into foreign currency,* so sure they were that German currency would not be worth anything tomorrow! Action of this kind is what the journalists call "trembling on the brink." No wonder President Hoover conferred with his advisers for forty hours, and then startled the world by his offer to cancel the debts if the reparations were cancelled also. For this, let me emphasize, is precisely what the President's proposition means—cancellation! France knows it, if America does not. This, in other words, is the beginning of the end of the debt business. Germany will pay no more reparations, and the United States will collect no more debts. Thus only can Europe be saved, if saved she can be at all. Anything less—Mr. Hoover's specific plan of a year's suspension of payments, for example—is a mere postponement of death, like a governor's thirty or sixty days' stay of an execution. As I assume that the President is duly informed, I believe he knows this fact But of course he could not say so. Out-and-out cancellation is as politically impossible in America today as it was yesterday. This must be handled as a step-by-step process. The minds of people, especially of French and American people, must be prepared by slow and easy stages for the inevitable. Then, along with the cancellation of debts and reparations, must come as an integral item of the whole program, of course, an agreement to general and immediate disarmament. This must be accomplished by next February's conference, else it is the Americans and not the French who will insist on the letter of the law, and thus force a stubborn and unrepentant Europe to go the way of her own destruction. There is a chance now to save the situation, but only if Europe, released from debts, throws over armaments also.

II

Well, I must see all this! I must get to Germany, where the peril presses. But first I must fulfil a few promises to myself and others.

London, for example! I must have a few hours at least to walk her streets and enter her churches. These churches always fascinate me, especially the old historic parishes in the old city. I never pass one without going in and pausing for a moment. St. Mary-le-Bow—a superb Wren structure, famous for its bells, "the bells of St. Bow's," but precious to me because here Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett crowned with their marriage the greatest love story of modern history! St. Giles, with its tomb of Milton and its marriage record of Oliver Cromwell! The Temple Church, with its silent tombs of the Crusaders! These never fail to move me. Then there are St. Clemens Dane, and St. Dunstan, and St. Martin-in-the-field. Impressive every one, but notably impressive not for anything going on today, but rather as monuments of the past, as the burial-places of the mighty dead, as cherished relics of memorable tradition! For religion

never seems to me so dead as when I enter these churches and look around me. I took pains this time to seek them out at the hours when services were being held. I was in England only four days, and these all week-days, yet I was present at as many public services of religion, one a preaching service. In each case it was pitiful to see the few who straggled in from the seething streets without. One service—evening prayer at Oxford—had two clergymen at the altar and four persons, including myself, in the pews; the preaching service, at one o'clock at Bow church, had twenty-eight in attendance; the largest congregation gathered at St. Martin's, right in the beating heart of London, for an eleven o'clock communion, and numbered thirty-seven. How long, I asked myself, would these churches last without the support of the state? Why should the state support institutions in which the people have so little interest? How do the priests keep up their courage? And what are these services in essence but the routine mumblings of the empty and vapid incantations of superstition? Of course, there are great preachers and large congregations in London. But this is another story!

Of all English churches, Westminster Abbey is the first. If an American's heart almost stops beating when he enters this sacred edifice, how does an Englishman survive the experience at all? I should go to the Abbey on a visit to London, even though I had only time between trains. I like to sit for a quiet moment in the Poet's Corner. I eagerly seek out the graves of Pitt and Fox, and recall the memorable lines of Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion." Especially do I make my way to what seems to me to be the holiest ground—that spot just off the main aisle where lie the bodies of Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Sir William Herschel, and Lord Kelvin. The tombs of the kings and queens are exciting—the grave of the Unknown Soldier is sensational—but nothing quite touches me like these resting places of England's greatest scientists.

III

But I had a special mission in Westminster this time. Since my last visit, the body of Thomas Hardy had been placed within the Abbey. I must visit this grave, as a pilgrim might visit a holy shrine, for Hardy's "Tess" and "Jude" are to my mind immortal works, and I regard his "Dynasts" as the greatest epic in English since John Milton's "Paradise Lost." Happily before he died in his great old age, Hardy was recognized as among England's supreme novelists and poets. And now his ashes rest with those of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Addison, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Campbell, Macauley! I knew that the grave was in the "Poet's Corner," but I could not find it. I asked a verger, and was courteously directed, but still I was unable to discover it. Suddenly I came upon it—just a diamond-shaped paving slab, undistinguishable from any other except that it bore the words, "Thomas Hardy." No dates, no inscription, no tribute! Was this all that could be done for this great man? Lift your eyes and turn them anywhere in the Abbey, and you will see vast marbles towering upward in the gloom, and long inscriptions containing hundreds of laudatory lines, many of the most elaborate of these raised to the memory of men and women now otherwise unremembered. But perhaps in this very fact is the key to this incongruous mystery. The greater the man, surely the less need of information and laudation! This is not always the case—see the tomb of David Livingstone, which bears impressive words! But Newton, Darwin, Tennyson, "O rare Ben Jonson"—these and other names are left to speak their own story. Just the name, "Thomas Hardy," is perhaps the noblest and most eloquent tribute that could be paid to this latest among England's greatest authors.

IV

My stay in London was so short that I missed seeing some old friends, and certain important men with whom I was eager to consult. I did not catch any one of my Parliamentary friends, for example—they are as busy as Americans, who must have warning of engagements ahead. I also failed to see a great Indian, Mr. Patel, though he was so kind as to get in touch with me and beg me to stay over for conference; and also my beloved C. F. Andrews, Gandhiji's closest English friend. But whereas I lost out in these directions, I succeeded in others.

Thus, I had two meetings with Mr. Charles A. Selden, London correspondent of the New York *Times*, one of our most important, accomplished, and influential American journalists, and a valued personal friend. How interesting it was to find him living in the Middle Temple, in the building next to the one made famous by Oliver Goldsmith, and within a stone's throw of the Temple Church! And how amusing to find him provoked by the persistency of these trans-Atlantic flyers, who will keep landing on English or European soil in the midst of events so much more important than themselves and their exploits, and must be "covered" whatever else is going on. The first time I saw Mr. Selden, the first of the recent Atlantic flyers were actually in the air, and their arrival was momentarily expected no one knew where. "Here is the most important international situation since the Armistice," said Mr. Selden in good-humored impatience, referring of course to Mr. Hoover and the European debts, "and we have to keep our glasses focussed on the skies to catch these airmen!" Even as we talked, word came over the wire, that the flyers had arrived somewhere in the vicinity of Chester. But we wasted little time on them. There were pleasant personal matters to be discussed, and the thrilling crisis in European affairs.

Of course, I saw Indians—there are many of them in London! Most important among them, perhaps, is the distinguished Mr. Sastri, who played a great part in the last Round Table Conference, and will do the same at the next. Thanks to his gracious courtesy in dropping everything at a day's notice, I had an hour with him, and received important information about India and the Empire. Mr. Sastri is a charming and also a most impressive individual. He is, in a way, the most highly Europeanized Indian I have ever seen. His appearance, his clothing, his speech are all western. Were it not for the slight tinge of the skin, and that liquid tenor quality in the voice, one might easily take him for an Englishman or American. His response to my questions was immediate. The light play of his features, the quick energy of his motions, the easy flow of his speech, these were almost as illuminating as the extraordinarily clear ideas which were poured out upon me. Mr. Sastri is optimistic about the future. Perhaps he finds it good policy to

appear so, but at bottom he has facts, or what he thinks are facts, to sustain his hopes of an Indian settlement. He refuses, at any rate, to be discouraged by the extremists on the two sides. They represent nobody but themselves, and, while capable of making trouble, cannot long stand in the way of that constructive agreement between trusted leaders which already, in anticipation, has the support of the great masses of the people both in England and in India. Of Gandhi's policies, Mr. Sastri said little, but, like every other Indian, whom I have met, paid unstinted tribute to his self-forgetting devotion and his unprecedented capacity for popular leadership. Mr. Sastri evidently thinks the middle way is the way out, and sees success for the second Round Table Conference on the basis of an agreement for dominion status. But is he so sure that Gandhi will consent to this, at least on terms that can win the support of Parliament? In any case, whether success or failure comes this fall, long years of toil and trial await India and her people. Mr. Sastri talked like a prudent, far-seeing man whose labors were appointed as far ahead as he could see.

A very different attitude toward the Indian situation was revealed to me by Reginald Reynolds, the young English Quaker who endeared himself to Indians by his high service in conveying to Lord Irwin the famous letter of Gandhi laying down the terms of settlement with Britain. I met Reynolds in Oxford, when peace lay sweet upon my soul after an afternoon spent in wandering about among the colleges. I had visited the Bodleian again, had gazed upon the gardens of New College, had sat at evening prayer in the chapel of Christ church, had followed Addison's walk at Magdalen and seen on one side the perfect proportions of the Tower and on the other the fresh woods by the winding stream with the shy deer sheltered beneath the trees. The air was hushed with quiet; the walls of the old buildings, usually gray, were now almost golden in the lingering sunlight; the chimes were like music sprinkled from the skies. It had all been so lovely that I could believe anything of good, even of the Empire which so many of these Oxford gentlemen had died so gallantly to save in 1914.

Promptly at seven, in the old cattle mart, now the terminal of the London 'buses, I met Reginald Reynolds by appointment. He seemed to belong to the place, so tall and fair he was, a young Apollo in limb and feature. As a matter of fact, however, he didn't belong at all, but had ridden into town on his bicycle from a farm in Benson, some dozen miles away, where he was working on the land and handling the crops. We found an inn, washed up, ordered dinner, and then for two hours, talked of the Mahatma with whom this devoted English lad had lived for six months at the *Ashram*. We discussed other things too, but usually spoke of Gandhi, and always of India.

Reynolds showed himself not so sure of the success of the forthcoming Indian Conference. He doubted if it would be held at all; and he wondered, if held, to what purpose it would be held. For something apparently went out of the Indian cause for this valiant young Quaker when Gandhi consented to treat with Lord Irwin and at last made terms with him. These terms, in his opinion, were not the terms which he himself had carried to the viceroy as Gandhi's messenger in the days before the opening of the *Satyagrahi* campaign. They were an adjustment, a compromise, a sacrifice of far and high ideals; and he was as shaken now as he had been earlier when the Labor Party fell short of *its* ideals in its treatment of India and thus walked the familiar road of British imperial politics. In this stupendous struggle, there was in Reynolds' eyes a falling-short on both sides, and for the moment at least he felt as a man forsaken. He loved Gandhi as much as ever he did. He resented certain things said and written of Gandhi in question of his utter fidelity and sanctity. Six months he had sat at the feet of the Mahatma, and the spell of this great Indian was still upon his soul. But the political, the diplomatic phases of the struggle were not for him. He must give himself to other things, and be content to bide his time. So he was not speaking any more for Labor, nor active any more for India. He had gone back to simple things and remote places, to find again his soul and fix it afresh to the tasks of earthly living.

It was easy to understand this man as he confessed the deep things of his heart with utter humility and yet with a strength akin to pride. One had only to glance at that fair and open countenance, to take one long look into those candid blue eyes, to recognize the pure idealist. "To thine own self be true"—that was his motto; and only through fidelity to this great principle could he be not "false" to Gandhi nor "to any man." I sympathized with his spirit, even while I questioned his judgment. There are ideals as well as expedients involved in the Mahatma's present statesmanship which I think he does not see, or properly value. For it is my conviction that Gandhi was never more truly the idealist than he is at this great moment! But one thing is certain—that there can be no final success to any Indian settlement which does not win and hold the allegiance of young heroes, both in India and in England, of the Reynolds type! For these men register in our time the conscience of the future. More important than any present accord with MacDonald, Lloyd-George, Baldwin and the time-servers whom they represent is an ultimate accord with Reynolds and the brave youth of East and West who fore-run the ages yet to be.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Brussels, Belgium

Preparedness

Down all the darkest corridors of Time
Was ever darker deed, or fouler crime
Than their's who deem themselves the world's elect
And all the virtues of the heavens affect,
That they should choose the choicest of their sons,
To trick them out with swords, and gas, and guns,
And send them forth to ravage, maim, and kill,
Subject in every muscle, sense, and will
To madmen's orders, and to madder greed
Whereby the world is damned to deed on deed
That might make even hell to cease its mirth,
Aghast at the hypocrisy of earth.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The Crisis in Liberia*

Imagine a map, please, of Africa. It is the dark continent. Look at the western coast. Here lies the republic of Liberia, a lone star, gleaming in a night of gloomy darkness. Liberia is a republic on the west coast of Africa. It is a government of Negroes, by Negroes, for Negroes. It is the only part of the black continent that remains in Negro hands. It is true that Abyssinia is still an independent nation, but Abyssinia is not Negro; it has never been Negro. The only Negro country in Africa today is Liberia.

It began, of course, in a society founded in the United States in 1816—115 years ago. In that year in the city of Washington, there was organized the American Colonization Society. It included many famous men. Its first president was James Madison, once president of the United States. Another early president was Bushrod Washington, nephew of George Washington, at one time chief justice of our supreme court. For many years Henry Clay was president of the American Colonization Society. What was the purpose of this society? Why were these great men interested in founding such an organization in the city of Washington? Its purpose was to take free black men from the United States, to carry and settle them on the coast of Africa. It was not in any sense a philanthropic movement; it was a practical, economic, political organization. It was felt that free black men were a disadvantage in the United States. Free black men were a disturbing element in a population where slavery was tolerated by law. Hence it was decided to get rid of the free black men, and the society was formed to transport them to some place in Africa. It sent commissioners to find a suitable spot, and they finally agreed upon what is known today as Liberia. They bought it from the natives, partly for rum. The society transported and colonized blacks in this area. In 1820, it sent out the first shipload of black men from the United States to settle in that black continent. It was never a governmental organization; people often make a mistake in that direction. It is true that the government favored the society; to a certain extent it aided it. For example, in those days American warships plied certain waters in hope of capturing slave vessels. If a ship succeeded in capturing a slave vessel, the black slaves were taken from it, carried to the United States and turned over to the American Colonization Society, to be carried back to Africa and dumped upon Liberia for the colony to care for them. From time to time the Society sent vessels of immigrants to the dark continent, extending over the period from 1820 to 1847. In 1923, the Liberian government celebrated the centennial of that first shipload. The celebration should have been in 1920; it was delayed three years. As I have said, settlers were sent out year by year, ship by ship, until several thousand had been transported and settled.

In 1847, difficulties arose. There were questions as to the status of these free black men organizing settlements, and doing things quite independently. They were getting into trouble with various nations. England raised questions, France raised questions. What right had the settlers there to make laws; what right had a private society organized in a distant land to exercise powers of government in Africa? What need was there to recognize their laws, to conform to their demands? It was decided that it would be well for the settlers to cut loose from the society, and in 1847 they held a conference and passed a declaration of independence. They drew up a written constitution. These were signed by the commissioners—black men. A new country came into existence, a new Republic with the name *Liberia.* It was a real republic. It was patterned, of course, much too closely after our own; it would have been better if they had been more independent in their organization. It elects its president and vice president; it has two houses of congress—representatives and senators; it has a supreme court, today of five judges. It has a flag that was suggested by our own. This has eleven red and white stripes and a field of blue; upon that blue field there is a single white star. The flag has significance. The eleven stripes represent the eleven signers of the declaration of independence in 1847. The blue field represents, as always, truth and honor, and the white star represents a star of hope in the dark continent. The Republic has the name Liberia; it means a land of freedom. Its capital city is Monrovia, named after James Monroe, once president of the United States. It celebrates each year the anniversary of its independence—July 26—and hence when I was invited to give an assembly address here, I seized the opportunity, because I like to celebrate this occasion. It is my custom to do something on the 26th of July with reference to the Republic. Sometimes it is a card of greeting; sometimes it is an article appearing in print; sometimes it is a public address; sometimes a little exhibition of objects connected with the history and condition of the black republic. On *this* occasion it is a public address. On Sunday next Liberia ends 84 years of independent activity; it enters upon the 85th year of its existence. How many years will it continue? I do not know that it will see again a day that it will celebrate with pride.

Liberia is a country about the size of the state of Ohio—a little larger, but less than Pennsylvania. It has about 300 miles of seacoast. It stretches back into the interior. It has three elements of population, (1) down along the coast, in little settlements, there are some ten to twelve thousand of the descendants of those free men who settled in Liberia. They have to run the whole establishment; they must supply the officials; they make the laws; they carry on the government; they must protect the interior; they must defend the nation from outside encroachment. (2) again along the seacoast, filling in between the settlements of these Americo-Liberians, we have some native tribes. They are especially independent, active, vigorous, with fine bodies; they are enterprising, ambitious fellows, black men, speaking their own language. Some of them know some English, some know a little French, a little German. They are the "Kru-boys" of the steamships that sail along the coast of Africa. White men cannot sail those ships alone. Whey they reach the tropical belt these black men come on board, performing the services of the ship until it comes back again on its way northward. There is fine promise in these twenty to thirty thousand black men on the coast; (3) only a few miles in the interior—even a distance of ten or twelve miles—you are in the heart of old Africa. No one knows how many natives live in the

*An address given at the Summer Session of the University of Oregon, July 23, 1931.

hinterland of Liberia. It is customary to say 1,500,000. I doubt whether there are so many, but you understand that ten or twelve thousand Americo-Liberians living in little towns along the coast are obliged to take charge of and direct 20,000 coast negroes and more than one million tribal natives in the interior. It is a heavy burden, but they have carried it for 84 years.

Of course, it has been customary to ridicule them, to sneer at them, to despise them. Everyone emphasizes the fact that Liberia is the evidence of the black man's inefficiency. To me it seems a miracle. When you remember what they were; ignorant, untrained, without capital, with no advantages, no actual direction, they deserve much credit. They have had to work out everything for themselves; yet for 84 years they have continued a government that should command respect. I have no time to talk about their failures—there have been many; successes have been more than were to be expected. I must confine my attention to the crisis.

In order to understand the crisis, we must have a little background. In 1914, Liberia was doing pretty well; affairs were going on quite nicely. The future appeared favorable. They had adjusted their debts; trade was good; they were getting along finely. Then came the great war. Liberia has always depended upon trade. I regret that she has not developed agriculture. I am sorry there has been no development of industry. From the beginning she has followed trade. There are rich resources. There is a plenty of piassava fibre, palm nuts, oils, some ivory, cultivated coffee; all of these things have gone out from the country and brought money in. The total income of the government has been from trade; it is custom duties placed upon things coming in that have maintained the government. Liberia is amply able to supply good food for everybody in its area, but it does not do so. It brings in fish from Scandinavia; it brings in rice from South Carolina; its food supply comes from outside. When they want to build houses there in the midst of forests —among the finest in the world—they import lumber from foreign lands. When the war came and ships stopped coming, trade ended. There was a serious condition in the black republic. Food was lacking; it was difficult to get anything they needed; no money was in the country; everything was at a standstill. The government had to dismiss employees; they cut salaries one-half, and afterwards again. There was absolute crying need. The United States suggested to Liberia that she should join the Allies, and declare war against Germany. Germany was her best friend. As many German boats as all others put together visited Liberia. Trade with Germany overbalanced any other trade the country had. Yet Liberia declared war on Germany. A German gunboat went there and shelled the little capital and sailed off again. In 1917, the situation had become desperate. There was no money, no business. The government, without resources, was unable to pay the interest on its debt. It made an appeal to the United States: "Help us in this hour of our direst extremity." We said, "We will help you." We decided that we would let them have a loan of five million dollars to help them through the crisis. It was voted in Congress, but there were conditions attached to it. The State Department insisted that certain reforms should take place if this money was put at the disposal of Liberia. Then the war came to an end, suddenly. Before Liberia had received her five million dollars, the armistice had been declared. Now, this help had been voted under a certain resolution that permitted our country to aid all Allies in prosecution of the war; hence, when the war ended, the question arose, what becomes of this credit of five million dollars? We were no longer in war; Liberia no longer had *necessities of war*. It was claimed that we could not pay the money without Congress taking new action. So there came a long delay. Along about 1921 it seemed as if the five million dollars would be turned over to Liberia. The President and Secretary of State urged action, holding that we were morally obligated. At last, after bitter discussion, the bill was shelved and the five million dollars was not forthcoming. It had an unsettling effect upon Liberia. From the moment the loan was first talked of, everyone built upon it; how it will build up business; how it will improve conditions. If a man were asked to interest himself in some enterprise, he said, "When the loan comes." From the year 1917 to 1921 all kinds of things were planned contingent upon the loan coming in. It did not come in, and all of these projects disappeared. I was glad the loan did not come. I did not want the loan that carried onerous conditions. But Liberia had counted upon it. Liberia had taken hope for the future in that loan. When it failed to materialize she was stunned. She had to buckle down and depend upon her own resources. Gradually trade came back; Germany again had things going into the country and coming out; things were improving. They resumed payment on their debt. Everyone felt encouraged. Presently they were even. They had passed the crisis. And then came the *real* crisis.

The real crisis of Liberia consists of two disasters. The first disaster is the Firestone Enterprise. In 1923 Mr. Hoover, then secretary of commerce of the United States, had a nightmare, and it had unfortunate results. He said: "Here is a serious situation. England has us by the throat. This money she is paying us—she will get it all back presently." Of course, England is one of the great producers of rubber in the world. The English government, in order to stabilize the industry, took a hand in fixing the prices, and it was this that disturbed Mr. Hoover. He scared Congress into voting $500,000 of good money to see what basic raw materials were controlled by other nations. Rubber was the chief one. The situation was bad. The condition that Mr. Hoover foresaw might be realized. It was recognized that we must have our own source of rubber. We must supply our rubber necessities without depending on any foreign nation. Then two patriots rose to the occasion. One of these was Henry Ford; the other was Harvey Firestone. Henry Ford decided to raise rubber in Brazil; we are not interested in *his* experiment. Mr. Firestone decided that he would start rubber cultivation, and looked the world over for a fit location. He thought at first of trying the Philippines; thank Heaven, he did not do that. He decided that the best place for a rubber plantation was Liberia. It was not only a patriotic measure to preserve us from ruin; not only a good thing for American capital to raise rubber profitably; it was said to be a splendid opportunity to help a poor suffering republic, to make it participate in the advantages of this great opportunity. It was a splendid scheme. He asked the Liberian government to grant him certain privileges. The plan involved three propositions: First, that Mr. Firestone would take over a plantation that had been already

established by the British, but which had failed during the war. He would work it long enough to see if he could make profit in it. Second, if he saw profit after trying this experimental plantation, he was to be granted one million acres. It is doubtful if there is a plantation of that magnitude in the world, but Americans, you know, do things on a grand scale. The Liberian government should grant him one million acres on 99-year leases and should assist him in securing labor. Third, Mr. Firestone, as part of the philanthropy, was going to aid Liberia in certain much needed improvements which they might not be able to undertake alone for many years for lack of cash; for instance, the improvement of the harbor of Monrovia. He had the ready cash. That was all that was proposed to the Liberian government at first. It was discussed for a long time. There were people in Liberia who doubted its blessings, who feared a bad result. It was practically agreed on and the matter came before the legislature of Liberia. Just when the thing had been practically finished, just when the government of Liberia was about to give consent, Mr. Firestone inserted a condition. He said that this can only be if you accept a loan of five million dollars? They had come to the point where they distrusted loans. They had realized that they were lucky not to get the loan in 1921. They were skittish about a loan from Mr. Firestone or Americans generally. They held off for a long time. President King finally submitted. He accepted the terms. "We will sign the agreement; we will accept the loan."

Why shouldn't they accept the loan? I will tell you later. Why did they accept the loan? First, there was the hope that much money would enter the country, that good times would dawn, that a great development would take place. In the second place, it was believed that these harbor improvements and other large enterprises would help the nation. Third, they had trouble at the moment with France. Many times they have had trouble with France, and each time it ended with France taking a slice of Liberian territory. It looked as though that would be repeated. The President was influenced largely by fear of France. He thought: "Large American interests will protect us against this aggression by our powerful neighbor." He signed the agreement and it went into operation—the plan and the loan.

The plan will never be realized. No man in his senses would ever have imagined that it could be realized. It calls for 350,000 laborers. Liberia cannot produce that number except under threat and force that amounts to slavery. Mr. Firestone should have known that. Liberia, if she supplied 350,000 laborers to develop one million acres of plantation, would have no men left for anything else—no villages, no individual enterprises, no advancement. Nothing but the plantation could possibly receive attention. It would be the single interest on which the government and people would absolutely depend.

The loan was ingeniously handled. If the promoters ever get it paid back, it is profitable. The Liberians received only one-half the amount. Most of that was to be used in refunding the old debt. They were paying interest on *it* at the rate of five per cent; under the new loan, they were given money to pay off the old loan—at 7 per cent interest. The old loan would terminate in 1952—the new loan runs to 1967. For twenty years Mr. Firestone can prevent the government of Liberia from borrowing money for refunding these new obligations. A whole crowd of men were appointed in connection with the loan. Each one of these men has a field in which he can interfere with the Liberian government. There are twenty-two of them, and their salaries amount to a handsome sum—$32,000 more a year than was paid before for advisory help from the United States. They are appointed by the president of the Republic of Liberia; they are paid by Liberia, but they are responsible chiefly to the interests that made the loan. The remaining half of the loan, Liberia may sell in bonds, *if she can,* elsewhere. Mr. Buell, who has looked carefully into this matter, speaks of the loan as "onerous." She can not carry it, not under the present circumstances. Of course, it was assumed that with the success of the great enterprise so much money would come into the Republic that she would easily meet the service of the loan. But the enterprise never can be a success; it never will be a success. It has not been a success so far. Mr. Firestone is discouraged. He has ceased entirely to carry on those grand harbor improvements. But the burden of debt remains, whatever becomes of the plantation and the harbor. That is one disaster of the country. What is the other?

It is the recent report of the Commission on Slavery. I have it here. It is a document of something over two hundred pages, printed by the United States Department of State. It is a sad report; it has only just been issued. It has been noticed in newspapers all over the country. Liberia has been considered absolutely lost to shame on the basis of this report. You understand, the League of Nations has among its interests the investigation of conditions of slavery over all the world. It is gathering a vast amount of very interesting material. Among the nations that were accused of keeping slaves was Liberia; yet her name suggests a home of liberty. The United States State Department decided to take a hand and called the attention of Liberia to the condition. "They say before the League of Nations that there are slaves in Liberia. How will you meet this accusation?" President King suggested that the best way was to find the facts, and asked to have a commission appointed, international in character, to investigate the situation. He suggested that one member should be from the League of Nations, one member from the United States Department of State and one member from Liberia. The suggestion was accepted. The commission met; it consisted of a white man from England representing the League of Nations, a black man from the United States, representing the State Department, and a black man—a former president—to represent Liberia. The commission held meetings through five months last year and gathered a frightful mass of information. It has published its report. What does it amount to? Four propositions: (1) There is domestic slavery in Liberia. True. (2) There is pawning in Liberia. Also true. (3) Liberia has had abuses in connection with contract labor sent to other countries, especially to Spanish Africa and French Congo. Very true and sad. (4) Forced labor exists without payment. Liberian government builds roads on which it uses the Negro native and the native does not get paid for his services. All bad and all needing reform.

But notice: In 1917 the American State Department said, "You get this five million dollar loan in case

you agree to certain reforms. Of course, they did not get the five million dollars, so they did not undertake the reforms. In 1921 the reforms were made more far-reaching. They consented to make reforms; they did not get the five million dollars; they did not feel bound by their promise. The United States State Department became irritated—angry. When it was stated before the League of Nations that Liberia had slavery, the moment had come for the State Department to push things; it used its "friendly offices" (p. 11) as we have already described. They would appear more friendly if it were not for the firm demands of 1917 and 1921 lying behind. As it is the Commission in operation is the instrument of our State Department intervening in Liberian affairs; the Report is the voice of our State Department ordering reforms and threatening consequences. Here is the Report. I wish there were time for its discussion.

There are many dreadful things in the Report, which are not related to slavery: These things are bad, shockingly bad. They should be studied carefully, thoroughly, without prejudice, with a view to explanation, rather than denunciation. Such a study would have value, not only for Liberia, but for every colonial possession. These evils of administration have deep roots in tribal custom. They can be eradicated only with time and serious difficulty. To simply pile them up, in order to frame an indictment—as is here done—can lead to no useful result.

Domestic slavery is not an appalling matter. It exists in every part of Africa. It lends itself to abuses. In spite of laws and efforts at suppression it will still exist long after we are dead and gone. So of *pawning*. It has grown up in connection with certain conditions. It is undesirable. It also leads to abuses. But there is no need for great excitement over it. At its worst—as specified in the report—it is so like a form of white slavery in a neighboring state of this, our Union, as to hardly seem to call for mention. As to contract labor, it is bad. It is suicide for Liberia to permit labor, needed for her own development, to be shipped outside to be brutally treated and to die. It can and should be stopped. As to forced labor, it is bad, and it, too, exists throughout Africa. Why should Liberia be singled out for denunciation and abuse? Since this report was issued evidence has been placed before the League of Nations of abuses of contract labor and peonage in the Philippine Islands. Yet very recently our present Secretary of State was Governor-General of the Philippines. Have these conditions grown up in the Philippines since he left there? If not, why should conditions in Liberia so agitate him? Also since the report was printed shocking reports of child-selling, forced labor and the like have been laid before the League of Nations from India. Have we used our "friendly offices" to call attention of the British-Indian Government to the necessity of reforms? Within a few weeks accounts of forced labor without pay in Kenya and Sierra Leone have been made public which sound like extracts from this report. But Kenya and Sierra Leone are white men's governments and call for no drastic action.

The report makes recommendations and suggestions as to what Liberia should do in the way of reform and most of them have nothing to do with slavery. They are the reforms the government wanted made in 1917 and 1921. The United States State Department says, "Unless these things are done, you will sacrifice our friendly interest."

Some of the recommendations and suggestions are impossible; some are undesirable. Some that sound the best are in reality the worst. To carry out such a scheme of general education as is here contemplated is impossible in view of the financial situation. If Liberia had ample funds for education, little could be done for years to come in the hinterland. The crying need is among the Americo-Liberians and the Coast tribes. The most dangerous demand, however, is that for white, or American, District Commissioners for interior administration. That demand means destruction of the Liberian Government. It is difficult to find good men for those positions; it is difficult to hold them to account. But, the District Commissioners must be black men and Liberians. No white man, competent to serve as commissioner in the interior, would recognize a black president or a black government. Equally bad is a black American, too uppity to recognize control of a black government.

It looks threatening; it looks like intervention; it looks like a protectorate; it looks as though the Republic would disappear and a white man's government would take its place, which Heaven forbid. That is the situation. There are three sets of hostile critics, with power—the Firestone employees, the loan management, and now the State Department. All three have rights of constant interference.

In this hard situation Liberia has appealed to the League of Nations and said: "Give us counsel, give us advice, help us with means, so that we may undertake these reforms." The League of Nations has come to their help. They have appointed three men to investigate—one in administration, one in finance, one in education. The men are in Liberia now, helping and advising. We await the outcome.

If the black man's government perishes what is to follow? Many solutions are offered. Among them five possibilities are most frequently suggested: (1) It is the most simple, the most natural, the most probable, for the United States to take Liberia under protection, to replace the negro government by a white protectorate which will carry out the reforms demanded with the same slowness, the same unsatisfactory results as the black government. A white protectorate would simply amount to salvaging Mr. Harvey Firestone's plantation and guaranteeing the interest on those bonds. (2) a joint-protectorate between England and the United States. I can hardly think that the English government will have much enthusiasm in undertaking to guarantee American rubber plantations and loans made by Americans. (3) the League of Nations might continue her good services, might help—not by protection, not by supplanting government—but by advice, direction, money-help. The League of Nations might do much. (4) the League of Nations and the American State Department might unite to run the thing. This is Dr. Buell's idea. I have a high respect for Dr. Buell, but I hardly think that his plan would get past the American Senate. Suppose that it were suggested to that body that the United States should co-operate officially, openly, definitely, with the League of Nations in an affair that has been recognized as

purely American! (5) the League of Nations might give Liberia as a mandate to Germany. I can think of worse fates.

What is my own preference of the five? My own preference would be that the League of Nations should by advice, by sympathy, by interest help Liberia in her troubles; and next to that I would favor the German mandate. There are many things that might be said in its favor. But I hope that Liberia will stem the storm. If she is to do so, she must have united effort on the part of *all* her people. She can meet the crisis only by every element in Liberia uniting to meet it.

The third stanza of the Liberian National Hymn is pertinent:

All hail! Liberia, hail!
In union strong, success is sure,
We cannot fail.
With God above,
Our rights to prove
We will the world assail.

FREDERICK STARR.

Training for International Leadership

Nothing is more fascinating in Geneva than to see the increasing number of students now being attracted there.

I stood in a long queue recently waiting to secure my ticket of admission to an important meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. I counted 150 who were waiting with me. From their general bearing and spirit of *camaraderie* I knew they were students. And from their features and their language it was evident they had come from Italy, Germany, France, Japan, the Scandinavian countries, perhaps from the Balkans, besides from England and the United States. The rapid fire of their repartee indicated the friendly relations of their student life. When we came into the great Glass Room of the secretariat, there they were, but now with serious interested faces listening to the discussions and grave decisions which may so vitally affect their several homelands. When Monsieur Briand spoke they were breathless with attention. All could easily understand his clear-cut incisive French as he plead for an economic union of all their countries in an eventual formation of a United States of Europe. Apparently they were quite familiar with the subject. When Mr. Yoshisama, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs was the speaker we all waited for the translations into French and English. When Mr. Schober was pleading for help to save Austria from her impending ruin, I could almost tell which ones were Austrians. He cared not if the help should come from Germany in the *Auschluss* already proposed or from this union of all Europe. When Herr Curtius was speaking in defense of the single treaty with Germany, all of these students showed the keenest intelligence while they listened and I thought of their influence in the coming years in the discussion of international questions and of how rapidly a great and simple idea attains success when it gets into the hearts of those who will become leaders of public opinion.

One of these lads I had known as a brilliant student in America having taken honors in Northwestern and Columbia and with a personality outstanding, making him easily a popular leader on the campus. I met him here in the League Library not pouring over or digging into the 100,000 volumes, but working on a thesis which is taking him into the *untraveled* field of international laws of aviation, particularly on the subject of governmental subsidies to be granted to newly forming aviation companies in all lands. Watching his finely chiseled features as he listened, it seemed to me that I could read there the reflection of his aspirations for future usefulness.

These students of international law are a part of the great modern educational movement of the youth of all nations. Some time some of them will be coming again to Geneva as appointed representatives of their countries, as leaders in this world reform movement. Then they will not be waiting in line for tickets of admission but will find places reserved for them in the Council Chamber of the Palace of the Nations.

Besides these university students one finds at Geneva the fine International school located in the beautiful *Grande Boissière* with its 200 students from kindergarten age to preparatory university. And also a charming school for children of all nationalities sustained by a Society of Friends. Fully thirty different nations are represented in these schools.

While living in France I have been interested to see the increasing attention given in the public schools to the training in internationalism. Although for many centuries France has held preeminence in her system of education, priding herself upon having the oldest of the universities, there has been quite evident since the war an increasing interest in the preparation of her courses of study for foreign students, and in her public schools the note of internationalism is carried into the study of history, literature and language. The whole educational system in France from the *Ecole Maternal* to the Sorbonne is centrally controlled by the government. The weekly time-table is exactly the same for the same grade in all parts of France. It was possible for us to know at a certain hour the lessons that were being given throughout France by what was being taught in the corresponding grades in Chateau-Thierry. This central control makes it less difficult to insert any definite teaching ideal.

International correspondence has been encouraged as a part of the *devoirs* or home work of the French children. Thousands of boys and girls have entered upon this exchange of letters. "Holidays Abroad" have been encouraged as never before. A group of German students was received at Boulogne less than ten years after the war. At that time nearly seven hundred boys and girls from foreign schools were invited to Paris. Groups of foreign students accompanied by their own professors have exchanged with French groups, spending a year in residence. They have also a system of exchange for individual boys and girls. Three hundred families in France having boys or girls wishing to spend a year "Abroad" make application and with the utmost care in selection, three hundred homes of the same culture and high moral standards are found in England or in Germany or

Italy and the exchange is arranged *au pair,* that is for "board and lodging without salary."

Perhaps the most notable instance in France of this desire to encourage international friendship is found in an interesting experiment in modern university life. It is the bringing together of a large body of foreign students in a center known as *La Cité Universatair.* The plan was conceived after the war. A tract of land which for centuries had been known as the "old fortifications" near the beautiful Parc Montsouris, just outside the Porte d'Orléans with easy access to the university centers in the heart of the city, was secured. These old ramparts long useless for defense and certainly never to be of service again in warfare, might well be transformed into this "Garden City" of university buildings of many nations for the proper housing of their students, hitherto scattered all over the city of Paris. Sites for buildings were offered to the different nations and each permitted to follow his own style of home-like architecture. A number of these have already been completed including the French, Canadian, Argentine, Belgian, Japanese, Indo-Chinese and that of the United States.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has encouraged this venture in international training by giving $3,000,000 for the Central Administration building. Visitors to the recently opened United States building will be charmed with the chapel decorations made by M. La Montagne St. Hubert, the French artist, who has decorated several important buildings in America. Who can fail to see the significance of this world-movement on the part of the rising generation of thoughtful youth? There is being trained a group of leaders who will certainly find a better way than war for the settlement of misunderstandings between nations.

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH.

Geneva, Switzerland

Remember Our Martyrs!

From Martyrs' Dust

Again the fatal month is here
That struck an hour of shame.
Our spirits are kindled once again
By your redeeming flame:—

The human love you both have borne
To every fellow-man,
The heritage you left to us
That only martyrs can.

Oh, Sacco and Vanzetti, all
Who keep your dream in trust
Will build the joyful commonwealth.
We hope. *We can.* WE MUST!

LUCIA TRENT

For Tom Mooney

Whenever I see our flag, the stripes are prison bars
That fetter you, Tom Mooney, from rain and love and stars.

The world is tumbling 'round our ears in living stone;
The lighter people rise, the greater sink, alone.

The men of craft, not crafts, will have their homage first;
While Justice may not enter court, the saintly thirst.

Yet, drink of hemlock, gall or plain San Quentin water,
You heroes build the wells of truth no others utter.

Not always will our oracle remain a prison cell.
You help make earth a heaven, jailed in a man-made hell.

RALPH CHEYNEY

(Written especially for the pending brochure of tribute to Tom Mooney but preprinted here by special permission of Tom Mooney Moulders Defense Committee.)

To Warren Gamaliel Harding

When for eternity the final fame
Of every soul is fixed, I think your name
Shall not be wanting in its proper share
Of honor. For this single cause alone
Your title shall be graved on lasting stone,
Cancelling acts of weakness and of shame,
And thus subscribed: "He had the heart to dare
Release 'Gene Debs to die in open air."

KENNETH W. PORTER

The Meeting

The blackness faded, the day was breaking,
The road ahead was strange and bare.
"Welcome, Sacco! Welcome, Vanzetti!"
Cried three who met them there.

"Like you," said the old man, "I died for justice."
"Like you," said the young man, "for brotherhood."
"Like you," said the woman, "I died for heeding
The voice of the highest good."

"We all have known the crowded courtroom,
The lying charge, the doom of death,
We have known the loneliness, the darkness,
The pang of the parting breath.

"But men learn slowly, comrades, slowly;
Many must yet be sacrificed
To teach them righteousness, love and justice—"
Said Socrates, Joan and Christ.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN

—from "America Arraigned!", the Sacco-Vanzetti anthology.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 338)

of universal catastrophe; and that more recently he has taken so significant a step to avert financial disaster in Europe, expressing by this timely action the American consciousness that in the great economic world the fortunes of all nations are involved and united. Brussels and Belgium, which remember gratefully Mr. Hoover's services of relief during and after the war, will with all Europe recognize this new service as a faithful expression of the international mind and heart of the American people.

"I have another reason for special interest in this meeting of the International Peace Congress at Brussels. It was at Brussels, in 1848, that the first of the four famous International Peace Congresses in the middle of the last century, most famous and impressive of all popular International Peace Congresses, held its session. The Congresses of Paris, Frankfort and London followed successively, in 1849, 1850 and 1851. Those memorable peace conferences were due to American inspiration, and were chiefly organized by that illustrious American peace apostle, Elihu Burritt. It was at the Paris Congress in 1849, at which there was a large American delegation, and to which Richard Cobden led 800 delegates from England, that Victor Hugo, the president of the Congress, proposed and emphasized, in his eloquent opening address, a United States of Europe to join the United States of America in a mighty movement for a united world. At this very time, the great French foreign minister, Aristide Briand, greatest of living statesmen, the countryman of Victor Hugo and always remembering Victor Hugo's great vision, is bringing that vision into the realm of practical politics; and he and you, our dear peace friends in Europe, will make the dream come

true. You will make it come true by applying to Europe the three fundamental principles which have given to our American republic the degree of success which it has achieved,—the principles of federation, a supreme court, and universal free trade between the states, states often larger than European nations, the one state of Texas being larger than either France or Germany, in an area larger than the whole of western Europe.

"This was what Elihu Burritt and his American associates said at the Brussels Peace Congress of 1848, and again at Paris and Frankfort and London. That program, already the commanding program of the American peace party, became popularly spoken of in Europe then as 'the American way.' By singular irony it has come about that this 'American way,' proposed for the world's adoption by our prophetic American president, Woodrow Wilson, at the Paris Conference at the close of the World War, and made a part of the Versailles Treaty, has been made the basis of the world's new organized life, adopted by practically all civilized nations, while America herself is the only great civilized power continuing to stand outside the organized family of nations. The world as a whole has adopted 'the American way' — federation, World Parliament and World Court, and tomorrow will adopt free trade between the nations as we have it between our American States.

"I shall not enter upon the political reasons which until now have thwarted the realization of Woodrow Wilson's sublime prophecy and program. They are accidents of politics, rooted in partisan jealousies, and they will fade. One thing may usefully be accentuated, that President Wilson in 1920 had with him the immense majority of our Senate, whose will was for the time balked merely by an anomalous technical provision of our Constitution. The conscience and intelligence of America, the churches, the universities, the better press and our sober popular opinion, were with you then and are with you today; and you will not have long to wait before the American vote is with you.

"The year of the great Brussels Peace Congress in 1848 was a momentous political year in Europe. It was the great year of revolution; and Europe has never since been quite what it was before 1848. We stand today in an era of revolution, whose far-reaching character only few divine. I believe it will be essentially a peaceful revolution; but it will be as profound as it is peaceful. It will vindicate anew Kant's great principle that peace and freedom go together. It will be a new birth of freedom and democracy, the subjection of every despotism, whether of indvidual or of cabals, and surer and steadier power to the rule of the sober, serious, self-controlled, rational and moral masses of men. It will see the end of the robbery of the people by war and costly preparations for war, and the application of the resources of the people to the upbuilding of the people. It will see the supplanting of all national armies and navies by the instruments of justice and reason. This was the pledge of the governments in the Paris Peace Pact. It is for the world's Peace party to compel the fulfilment of the pledge in the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1932."

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The Beacon Press, Boston.

The Personality of Criminals.—By A. Warren Stearns, M. D.

The Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn.

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The C. W. Daniel Company, London.

Arrows of Flame.—By Meredith Starr. Introduction by E. Merrill Root.

Henry Holt & Company, New York.

What I Owe to My Father.—14 Tributes. — Edited by Sydney Strong.

Creative Moments in Education.—By Joseph K. Hart.

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